The Inquirer

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A UNITARIAN WITNESS

TWO articles appear in this week's *Inquirer* written by a man and a woman who by different ways have arrived at a Unitarian faith. Both, first of all, encountered different forms of agnosticism, and then found their way out by varied experiences into a belief in God. A belief so complete that obviously they have been compelled to write about it.

The existence of the Unitarian movement has helped both these persons. There are many more like them, many of course not as articulate as they.

This is a proof, if such were needed, that the Unitarian churches are carrying on a vital spiritual work. They are providing an intellectual and spiritual home (in the factual and also the symbolic sense) for many who would not be able to find a home elsewhere, and consequently would be spiritually isolated—which would only make their personal pilgrimages more difficult.

In this, for the Unitarian movement, there are poised two questions; does it exist as a group of churches eager in the Billy Graham sense of evangelism to go out and obtain converts, or does it exist as a community of people eager to give their witness to what is spiritually true for them and eager to help others if help is sought?

Dogmatic Commitment

The answers are not easy. A faith that is real should be eager to convince others of its reality, otherwise it is hardly a faith at all; and in this there is enough force for Unitarians to go out into the highways and byeways and do what it can to convince others. But on the whole Unitarians are loth to do this, and there is not much in their history to persuade them they are wrong. The argument for dogmatic commitment is not for them. Commitment of this kind sooner or later boils down to some limited experience or credal affirmation to which assent must be given. It can safely be said that the Unitarian mind is not for this. The Unitarian faith is not for this. Both came into existence as a protest against all once-for-all statements of religious belief.

The Tensions

Rightly or wrongly a part of the Unitarian faith has always been "there is more than this". No one credal statement, or no one religious experience, can contain the last word or the last commitment for those who need religious truth. Sooner or later there is spiritual stagnation in final words, and there is enough poignant evidence in religious history, personal as well as collective, to emphasise this. The tension of religion, of course, demands commitment; at some point the cry is demanded, "This is true"; but there is another cry also, and this too belongs to the tension of religion; "Who am I that I should come before the High God!"

If Unitarians, in their own way, have emphasised the latter cry, and have been hesitant in a collective way about the first, it is because they have been sensitive about the limitations of the cry for verbal certainty, the kind of certainty that seeks a home where no questions are asked and none are expected.

In this sense Unitarians are unlikely to be evangelistic, and probably would be false to themselves if they tried to be. But that does not close for them the need to give a witness of themselves.

The Witness

And the nature of this witness is fairly conclusive in experience. It is hard to define, for definition would hardly do justice to the experience. It consists in the spiritual need to be tentative about statements of faith, whilst at the same time being convinced that there is an ultimate test for all such statements. They can as it were be taken to the fountain of truth, be cleansed and renewed, and be used again and again, frequently in new forms, for expressing the great source of truth which exists beyond them.

In this sense lies the freedom of which Unitarians speak. Each defined limited expression of belief is what it is when made by Unitarians, because by agreement it can be lifted to spiritual examination, where its own meaning becomes clear. The faith is dynamic. It is constantly entering into the creative condition of change, or it offers the possibility of that. There are many people unable to commit themselves to final positions in religion when the finality inevitably excludes others. These people wish to be tentative about all religious statements and yet feel they are committed to a religious faith that stirs and deepens every certainty of their lives.

This is the kind of witness that is so conclusive in Unitarian experience, and that many Unitarians desire to share with others.

There are many thirsting for this witness. The conditions of the Unitarian movement in this country make it certain that they can only be reached in the first place by the written word. This can only spring from an intense group consciousness. The next step in Unitarianism is the exploration of this.

THE FRUITLESS AGE

By Werner Pelz

(The Rev. Werner Pelz is the Vicar of Lostock, Bolton.)

I DO NOT claim to be the supreme diagnostician the world has been waiting for, but I have a certain compulsive vision of some of the forces of corruption gnawing away at our vitals and producing those pimples which so many of us try to lance with perhaps more sincerity than discrimination. This vision I want to share in the hope that it will raise questions that may reveal to us our real task.

Once upon a time a large proportion of mankind worked on the land and most men were tied to the natural, unhurried rhythm of growth and decay, expectation and fulfilment. There was usually enough hope to live for and enough uncertainty and anxiety to keep men—and especially women—from having to invent some. By hard work and ingenuity you could increase your yield so much—but no further. No success was limitless, every expansion was of slow, organic growth. You had to put in what you wanted to get out. And ultimately you were dependent on chance—or providence. You knew in your bones that nothing was certain, least of all life.

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Gradually, with ever-increasing acceleration, *mining* in all its shapes and forms and with its innumerable subsidiary industries became the major occupation and pre-occupation of Western man (see Mumford's *Tetralogy*). He became fascinated by the virtually limitless possibilities of exploitation. There seemed to be no limit to the amount he could "get out" and to the speed with which he could get it out. He had to put nothing back and was less and less dependent on chance—or providence. Everything was in his hands from beginning to end. But speed was not only fascinating. It became essential. It became the determining factor in a new struggle for survival: competition, limitless, shapeless, omnipotent. Man passed through the agonies of what he called the industrial revolution in order to hide its true significance. He is only just emerging, remade and more deeply marked—for better, for worse ?—than we have yet dared to realise. He has become an adjunct of his amazing achievement, a creature of his creation, with a pathetic trust and hope in the work of his hands.

Let me call the vast technological superstructure that dwarfs us: the "machine". (Let me add at once that we may be proud of it, that it has done great things for us already and will do many more; that I am *not* shouting: back to the hand-loom and the potter's wheel.) It is vital to grasp how subtly and profoundly this machine influences us and re-shapes us in its own image. I do not want to dwell on the obvious: How the rhythm of the machine over-rules the rhythm of life; how its time—clock-time—which is only tenuously related to the time we naturally live in, supercedes our intimations of eternity; how it mechanises and stereotypes not only the movements of our hands, but also those of heart and mind.

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The machine has imposed its laws so persuasively, that we no longer realise their a-humanity. Once a newspaper press has been set up at enormous cost, the presses have to be kept rolling day in, day out. The consideration that neither the reporters nor the feature writers may not have enough material worth printing is completely immaterial. A.T.V. studios having been furnished, the cameras have to be kept going, millions of homes have to be kept flooded.

The question whether there is enough talent available to fill so many hours, whether it is good for people to watch even the greatest talent for so long; or what the actual rubbish that is poured out for lack of talent does to people, especially children, may never be seriously asked.

An armament factory, a political party, a church has to be kept going—never mind whether its original purpose or usefulness still survives—because the machinery is there and it is modern man's ultimate conviction that where the machinery is there is reality.

The machine has distorted our responses. We tend to forget that human situations and difficulties cannot be solved; that joy, hope, sympathy, etc., cannot be measured; that fulfilment in love is not the same as sexual adjustment, nor the passing of examinations the equivalent of education. Unable to cope with the untidiness of living and relationships, we turn to things for our satisfactions and hand over our responsibility to the machine. "I don't like my men to work night shift", says a manager, "but what can you do ?" "I don't like using the church for raising money, but what can you do ?" "I don't like the H-bomb", says the Prime Minister and the Archbishop, "but what can you do ?" Peace is an intensely human, complex, imaginative, risky adventure—like marriage—never final, never a solution. It is too much for us, so we hand it over to the keeping of the arch-gadget.

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What can we do ? We can either admit that this movement towards total mechanisation is inevitable, talk about the climate of the age and look forward to the day when every man will have his own Cadillac and every tribe its own bomb, and peace will be assured by so intricate a system of automatic controls that no man can understand more than an infinitesimal part. Or we have to make a movement of withdrawal, raise our tiny, idealistic, romantic, humanistic banner, dipped in the blood of the saints from Homer to Thomas Mann, and recall ourselves first and then others into that kind of life which the machine increasingly denies: the life of slow motion, unhurried thought, quiet contemplation and conversation—the fruitful life.

If I wanted to label our age, I should call it the fruitless age. We have no time for fruition, gestation. Neither the lover nor the politician, neither the parson nor the poet, the father, the mother, the child, have time to let their hope and love, their enthusiasm and vision mature. If we want to help the world—and, of course, we want to, fools that we are—we have to learn to re-discover the time which is in direct contact with eternity, the movement which is the rhythm of living things, the life which is not a career. We have to learn to bear fruit, i.e. to bring forth slowly and in its own time the singular something which only we could achieve. We have to learn to become ourselves until there is no frustration left in us, for frustration is the beginning of war, competition, careers.

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I believe that every man has vast creative energies, erotic passion, within him. The machine has absorbed this passion—and rockets and bombs have demonstrated its power. But the machine can neither respond to nor fulfil that passion; it can only again and again titillate it into new irrelevancies—as the advertising machine does most blatantly. This passion longs not for production, but for reproduction, not for creation even, but for pro-creation in Plato's sense of that word. It wants to bring to fruition something that will remain our very own. It wants us to grow beyond ourselves into ourselves. It wants to elaborate our sensibilities, our capacity for joy and sadness, etc. It wants to ripen us into something sweet, tasty, life-giving. It does not want us to do good things, but to become a good thing.

"Too slow", you may say. But that is machine thought. If we do not learn to bear fruit we shall be destroyed and it matters little whether by the bomb or the multitude of our gadgets.

"But we must have logic, arguments !" Man is not changed by logic—for logic is only the formulation of deep, pre-logical convictions. He is changed—if ever—by taste and smell and touch.

"What does your argument prove ? How can you prove you are right ?"—nothing worthwhile can be proved. Woe to the believer who wants to prove that he is right. He does not even believe himself. Woe to the lover who wants to make sure of his love, so he need love no longer ! What we have to show men is that what matters cannot be proved—or secured, or protected—and that what can be proved—defended, preserved—does not matter ultimately.

WHY I JOINED THE UNITARIAN CHURCH

By D. E. Chalmers

(This article and the following one are mentioned in the leader)

I WAS brought up in the Anglican Church. Ritual and dogma never impressed me much and I was not especially devout. But I always had a deep respect for truth and freedom. When I was fourteen I shocked my very conventional mother and step-father by coming out of church and remarking: "yes, well. Now I want to know about all the other religions."

In late adolescence I did not take much interest in organised religion. But I began to have experiences of intense peace, joy and "oneness." At first these came to me during solitary walks on the Shropshire hills inspired chiefly, I think, by a great love of natural beauty. Later, through a kind of alert passivity, I could attain them in my room sometimes. I felt that these experiences were the most important thing in life.

This continued for five or six years. Then I began to live mainly among artists and scientists who were atheistic or agnostic. It was explained to me by persons older, and as I thought wiser than myself, that these experiences were purely the result of a father fixation or sex repression or both. In consequence of my respect for such persons and for truth I tried hard to become an atheist. In this I never quite succeeded. But the peace and joy left me and I was agnostic for a long time.

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In 1946 I read "the Perennial Philosophy" by Aldous Huxley. This book made a deep impression on me and I kept it by me ever since. In his Introduction Huxley describes this philosophy, common to all the great religions, as: "—the metaphysic that recognises a divine Reality substantial to the world of things and lives and minds; the psychology that finds in the soul something similar to, or even identical with, divine Reality; the ethic that places man's final end in the knowledge of the immanent and transcendent ground of all being".

Religion remained a solitary thing for me until the death of my husband in 1955. After that I felt in need of help and some sort of spiritual fellowship. In addition to these personal needs I believed that in these materialistic times people who hold man's chief end to be spiritual progress should get into touch with one another and try to unite.

I attempted to go back to the Anglican Church. But, though I revere the teachings and example of Jesus, I cannot accept the Apostles' Creed—among other things. Then I became interested in Buddhism. Buddhism has helped me a great deal, especially by its emphasis upon meditation. I try to meditate every day, usually upon peace or on one of the four Brahma Viparas—universal love, compassion, sympathetic joy and equanimity. This practice I find most valuable to myself and, through the power of thought, I hope in some degree to others also. Yet, while I am certain that we can all learn much from Buddhism and from other religions, it seems to me wise to keep mainly to one's own culture where possible.

Some weeks ago I read a small advertisement in the *Observer* as a result of which, I wrote to Essex Hall for information about Unitarianism. In reply I received a booklet, the information that my nearest church was "The Strand" with an introduction to the minister, and a note from the Rev. Graham Short kindly telling me not to hesitate to ask him any further questions. I did not ask him any questions, however, for I found everything that I wanted in the booklet, which was: "Unitarianism. Some Questions Answered". In my view this is a really excellent little publication; wise, sane and well expressed. Certainly it made me feel that Unitarianism is what I have been seeking. So I bought the *Inquirer*, enjoyed some Sunday evenings at "The Strand" and joined the church.

I CHOSE COMMUNISM

By Cecil H. Sharpley

(At one time Mr. Sharpley was a leader of the Australian Communist party.)

SOME years before the outbreak of the Second World War a young man in Australia was making a decision regarding the future activity of and persuasions in his life. He had to decide whether to remain loyal to his Unitarian conversion or to embrace the dogmas and doctrines of Marxism.

Whatever his decision, there is no doubt he would be an energetic worker either in the Unitarian Church or the Communist Party. He chose disastrously.

This young man chose Communism!

Is there a justification for the choice he made? True enough, he was effected by the tragedies and confusions of the nineteen-thirties: Poverty, unemployment, hunger; the impact of social and political contrasts on the vision of youth—in his country idleness and want, in Russia the promise of a new turn in human relations and social conditions, in Germany and Italy the terrible pretence of intolerance, violence and suffering.

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But this young man was well equipped for his hour of momentous decision. He had a vigorous mind, an adventurous spirit; he was both an idealist and an iconoclast; he had completed a successful adventure that had taken him from the common confines of Anglican orthodoxy to a living image of

Killinchy Non-Subscribing Presbyterian Church, N. Ireland

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God and the Unitarian position; he enjoyed the friendship of the outstanding untramelled mind of the Unitarian minister in Melbourne.

Yet, he chose Communism and became one of its top leaders until, after fifteen years membership, he left its ranks disillusioned, idealistically exhausted and seeking an escapist shelter for his past actions and future ideals.

There was no shelter: there was only the road back to that day of decision. It has taken ten years.

It is not part of this brief story to describe the nightmarish experience of communist leadership nor to discuss the dark evils of communism. That has been done in other places, including, "The Great Delusion", (Heineman's 1952).

But rather this is an affirmation of the road back to the Unitarian position and of the re-discovery of God. This is a declaration to undo a lie. This is an effort to make his peace with God.

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For his central error was not the decision to embrace Marxism, but on the contrary it was his decision to reject the religious life and to separate himself from his personal image of God.

He left the communists basing himself on Martin Luther's words :—

"I could do none other,
So help me God!"

because he wanted to convince himself that communism *appeared* to be the only answer to the problems and experiences of his youth. He did not admit that his basic error was in choosing a technological solution in place of the spiritual struggle.

Not for him the return of the prodical freely admitting that he had made a wrong choice, turned away from God, deserted the ranks of Unitarianism. But rather he was the hero of an unjust social system; the victim of man's inhumanity to man; the young idealist who had the misfortune to fall among false prophets.

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It was because of living with this lie that beset the road back with difficulties and delays. He wanted a religious shelter and his religious idealism made secure by creeds from which there could be no escape.

So there followed the search for shelter. First a discussion with a fundamentalist parson whom he had known in his boyhood; then thinking of the Catholic Church—the sad escape route for so many ex-communists; later a short time as a member of an Anglican church. But none satisfied, all represented him men's feeble efforts to escape the reality of the Sermon on the Mount.

Finally, into the wasteland of no religion and no meaning in the affairs of men's hearts and aspirations, with its consequential spiritual and moral deterioration. Yet all the time he was—"Still nursing the unconquerable hope, still clutching the inviolable shade".

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A recent illness, with time on his hands, brought both his desperate necessity and the opportunity to re-examine the record of his life. He made a re-study of Unitarian literature and he thought through the problem of his spiritual nature.

It brought into sight the end of the way back.

It has taken thirty years to complete the journey "home". I began that journey home on the very day I embraced Marxism. For in that very hour God re-claimed me because I, one particle of life in his universe, was still part of his love and purpose.

No need for an incarnation; no need for a blood-sacrifice, for I have released the divine spark that is part of my being.

The journey is finished, bitter regrets are over, religious meaning returns. In my experience the account is balanced and in my conscience the price has been paid. Thirty years lie in the wasteland. I turn away with the anvil of time still in my hands.

I re-affirm the Unitarian position of my young manhood; of God's love in the Universe; of man's capacity to climb into nobility, of humanity's hope in the message of the historic Jesus. I salute all conscious and active Unitarians, for—

"Ye fill up the gaps in our ranks,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march,
On, to the bound of the waste,
On, to the City of God."

A LAYMAN'S DIARY

June 23. I have now seen last Tuesday's *Guardian* (Northern edition) and the *Bolton Evening News* for last Monday and Tuesday, and have thus gleaned a little more about the Bolton Free Church Federation Council vote. (Rather surprisingly, the London offices of the *Bolton Evening News* are not in Fleet Street, but round the corner from the Ritz in Piccadilly.) The Council's proposed new constitution—which would have excluded Unitarians and Quakers—was defeated by 14 votes to 12 on Monday in a private meeting. That is a depressingly small majority, especially if one assumes that the 14 includes some Unitarian members' votes. The move to shut out our people, it appears, was started by some Methodist members.

It is now proposed by some Anglican members of the Bolton *Council of Christian Congregations*—which early this year elected the Reverend Arthur Long of Unity (Unitarian) Church, Bolton, to be its Secretary—to deny membership of that body to Unitarians. Last Monday Mr. Long said to a reporter :

> "I cannot quite understand how the situation has arisen. When I was asked to be Secretary in January, I did suggest that they might think again about having a Unitarian. But I was assured it did not matter. We feel that it would be a pity if this kind of exclusive spirit were to prevail."

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It would indeed. There is even less logic behind this move than behind the previous one. The British Council of Churches (the National counterpart of the Council of which Mr. Long is Secretary) includes both Unitarian and Quaker members. When it was founded, its constitution, though resting mainly on a credal basis (acceptance of Jesus as "God and Saviour"), was specially modified to allow Unitarians and Quakers to be members. That was in 1942. A few years later, this liberal modification was strongly questioned by some people in the Church Assembly of the Church of England; but the Archbishop of Canterbury intervened in a humane and generous spirit, and the opposition was withdrawn. An Anglican friend once lent me a copy of the Church Assembly "Hansard" of that debate, and it made very good reading. I do hope that any Anglican member of the Bolton Council of Christian Congregations who is going to vote on this new proposal will prepare himself for the occasion by re-reading Dr. Fisher's speech. (I must try to dig up the reference.)

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I can't help wondering whether these joint bodies in Bolton have enough real work to do. As the *Bolton Evening News* said in a leader last Monday, all that the argument is doing is

> "to bring succour to the enemies of the Church, who relish the spectacle of churchpeople at odds with themselves, intolerant of each other's convictions, inviting schism, rejecting charity."

I should have thought there was plenty of *urgent joint work* to be done by the churches together, each community contributing its individual gifts—and I don't mean just money—without getting obsessed with differences. There will always be differences.

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June 24. With Jamie and David, I went along to Victoria Park, Hackney, on this very warm afternoon to see seven of our London churches competing in the Annual Sports of the London Unitarian Sunday School Society. I looked forward to sheltering beneath a friendly tree, emerging occasionally to encourage Jamie in the "High Jump, 11 to 13 years", to cheer for David in the "Egg and Spoon, under 9", and generally

to spur on the efforts of our own Junior Church. But I reckoned without the missionary zeal and persuasiveness of the organiser, Mr. John Wilson, who soon induced me to spend the hottest part of the afternoon presiding at the Long Jump pit, fumbling with little wooden plant labels inscribed "Wood Green" and "Hackney" and trying to conceal the fact that my qualifications for this responsible post were very meagre. (Luckily no one seemed to notice.) So I didn't see Jamie win his High Jump, but I did escape in time to watch David earnestly clutching his Spoon and gazing so intensely at his Egg that he nearly decapitated himself when he arrived first at the tape, which to him was just neck-high. Finally I was shanghaied into entering for the Fathers' Race, in which I am told I was placed third—a triumph I only achieved because the favourite, the Rev. Tom Dalton, fell heavily at Becher's Brook.

It was a highly enjoyable afternoon, admirably organised by Mr. Wilson. In the end, after a close contest, the trophy went to Golders Green (60 points), winners by a single point from Ilford (59), with Wood Green (51) a good third.

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June 27. BBC and ITV both showed excellent films tonight of the enthronement of Dr. Ramsey at Canterbury earlier in the day. The BBC caught the splendour of the occasion as a spectacle, but I thought that ITV captured the Archbishop's *personal* role more imaginatively: and the occasion was above all the start of a new life for a *person*. ITV gave the Archbishop's whole sermon, and this was a very sound decision; BBC gave us only a few snippits from it, which conveyed a most inadequate impression of its great appeal and individuality.

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June 29. Greatly daring, we are taking the family to France next month, and I can see my hazy memories of *Somerville's French Prose* being strained to the utmost. Today my wife gave me a fright by saying that she had "heard" that it took six weeks to get a passport. I hastened to the Passport Office in Westminster during the sweltering lunch-hour and found that the current waiting time was—five days!

But it's an ill wind .... Coming back, I ran into the Rev. Robert Tayler, who told me that the preacher at his Strand Church on Sunday, 16th July (6.30 p.m.) will be Dr. Preston Bradley, of the People's Church, Chicago. Subject: "The Chicago I know". It is said that the art of pulpit oratory is dying out; but in Dr. Bradley we still have *one* preacher whose utterances all seem to be prefaced by an implied, if unspoken, "Thus saith the Lord ...."

APOLOGY FOR BEATNIKS

(Under the above title, an article appears in the current issue of the "Nor' Easter", a small duplicated journal published by the North-East Region of the Unitarian Young People's League. The article is signed, Alan Wilkinson.)

IT would seem today to be the right thing, the proper thing, to be horrified at the doings of that section of humanity known as "beatniks" or to dismiss them lightly as being a mere transitory idiosyncrasy of fashion.

This is a narrow and completely unjustified attitude. "Beat" is a complete philosophy with its own prophets, its own art, its own ethics. The term "beat" is short for "beatitude" by which is meant the state of complete *nothingness* comparable to the Buddhist Nirvana. Put simply, beat philosophy is an extension of Sartre's existentialism. Sartre believed that existence is essence—our actions are continually creating ourselves, our characters are the sum of everything we do. The beatnik believes this too, but he sees it in the light of another conviction—that the future is uncertain, that life may end in a few hours, that today may represent all the opportunity he has, that tomorrow may not come.

It is not he himself who has created this environment of uncertainty—not he who gave birth to war, to immorality, to the bomb. Previous generations, believing in the certainty of tomorrow, have, at a leisurely pace, tried to make of their lives a complete well proportioned whole. And with what success? The society in which we live is the direct results of their efforts. How often we hear from them: "If only I hadn't let such an opportunity slip by". Small wonder there are those who refuse to follow their course.

The beatnik, determined not to have any loss, opportunities not taken, potentialities unfulfilled, strives to experience life to the full in all its aspects. Experience and more experience represents his only opportunity of becoming a real person, a complete person. This is the justification for (as well as all the limits of conventional experience) sexual promiscuity, drugs, drink, early marriage—even early death, the ultimate experience.

He is no nihilist. He has hope for the future (are not anti-nuclear demonstrations largely composed of his kind?), but believes that this hope lies only in a great upheaval of the present system, a great purging. Until this happens, experience is the only meaning of life. "Life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal"—words like this are meaningless to him in a completely corrupt, materialistic, godless society. He is not, as many see him to be aimless. On the contrary, he is an idealist to the point of anarchy. His dress reflects this desire for a complete overthrow of society, in its disregarding of all previous conventions.

So do not regard us as being corrupt, idle and without purpose. We, in our frantic striving to experience all things in as short a time as possible, are giving to life a significance, a *shape*, which compares favourably with the shapeless patchy attempts at living of our predecessors. Extremists we may be, but extremism is the only way to avoid hypocrisy. We do not believe that "it's all right deceiving society so long as society does not find you out"—make it obvious to society that you believe in yourself enough to stand alone.

We do not judge, we observe and record—"Go and do thou likewise". **I AM A CAMERA**

MARGARET BARR BUILDS

(The Rev. Margaret Barr concludes her account of her new extension plans for her Unitarian settlement in the Khasi Hills, Assam, India.)

WE are to build a small annex to the clinic as soon as the monsoon is over. We are planning a three-roomed cottage, with two bedrooms and a kitchen where patients' relatives can do their own bits of cooking, Lambarene style. That will be a help, but it will not solve the chronic state of overwork in which Dran lives and moves. For he is not only dispenser and amateur doctor, but also postmaster, builder, carpenter, handyman in every crisis from leaking roofs to cows with foot-and-mouth disease and, last but not least, driver of the new jeep, which means that he and none other must always go to Shillong to meet and see off visitors, draw money from the bank, tackle government departments when required and do all the other hundred and one odd jobs for me that I am so rarely in Shillong to do for myself. The second momentous decision, therefore, is that Dran must be given an assistant to relieve him of some at least of the odd jobs and pick up from him as much as possible of the health work at the same time, for people with that sort of skill and knowledge are worth their weight in gold to isolated rural communities such as ours.

Now all this will require more money than we have at the moment got. At a rough estimate I think £100 will build the annex and another £100 or so per annum added to our income will provide an assistant. I am again building up a Reserve Fund with the balance of the A.U.A. grant (a generous one again this year) and other gifts from the U.S.A. and elsewhere, the balance of which over the last three years bought us a jeep last winter. This I shall probably use to build the clinic annex. But the question of an increase of income adequate to pay the salary of a full-time assistant is not so easily dealt with, especially in view of the fact that the majority of our patients are too poor to pay more than a small proportion of the cost of the treatment and medicine that we need to give them, so that the more successful Dran is in curing his patients, the greater the loss to our resources through the steadily increasing number of patients who come.

Lastly, there is the school, long-distance plans for which are more difficult to make owing to the fact that so much depends on factors over which I have no control. One of these is the reaction of the Government of Assam to our request for a Government school in this neighbourhood to take the place of mine as soon as I have produced some teachers competent to take it over. And this in turn depends largely on the sort of results that my five Matric candidates will be able to obtain when they take the exam. about eleven months from now.

Another incalculable factor is the political future of the Khasi Hills, whether it is going to remain as a part of Assam or whether their insistent demand for a Hill State is going to be granted. As these are all things that I can do nothing whatever about, and plans made on a basis of wishful thinking are rarely of any value, it would be premature for me to enlarge upon my plans for the school at this stage. Suffice to say at this juncture that I hope to get it off my hands and into the hands of some of my own trainees, by the time I have to lay it down, and also that it is as completely non-sectarian as is the clinic.

My only full-time assistant belongs to one of the smaller evangelistic sects of these parts and of my five pupil-teachers only one is a Unitarian. Out of a total of 19 resident pupils twelve have sponsors in Canada, only four of whom are Unitarians, and of the other seven, all unsponsored, three are Unitarians. There are also another eight day pupils, all unsponsored, only two of whom are Unitarians. In spite of this there have been times when a rumour starts circulating to the effect that "Kong Barr's School" exists for the benefit of Unitarians or, more sinisterly, for the purpose of converting children to Unitarianism.

But the rumour is so obviously without basis, in fact, that it soon dies away, and some of the most grateful and friendly of all the school parents are those belonging to other churches. Perhaps, however, if to be tolerant and broad-minded in religion is a basic part of Unitarianism, there is some basis for the accusation, as I never make any secret of the fact that I want the children emerging from my school to have these excellent qualities. But this I do, not primarily because I am a Unitarian, but because I want my school to be worthy of the name Basic and one of the foundation stones of Basic Education, as laid down by Gandhi, is "respect for religions other than one's own".

★

I have been hearing from the U.S.A. of President Kennedy's plan for a Youth Corps as part of their plan for helping underdeveloped countries, this being a corps of young Americans trained to help in various ways for periods of two to four years, teaching, building, helping in hospitals, etc. To have one (or better still a couple) of young American Unitarians sent under this scheme to work in the school here with my Khasi trainees would probably be the best possible way to develop and consolidate the educational work and at the same time to link it with some dynamic leadership for the churches. So I very much hope that the idea will be given publicity and meet with approval in the States. The visit of a young American Quaker couple in April has showed me how valuable such contacts can be, as my own vitality decreases with advancing years. They were only here a fortnight but in that time succeeded in revitalising the entire institution.

Correspondence

Letters should be addressed to the Editor, "The Inquirer" 14 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. They should not in general exceed three to four hundred words in length.

The Affirmations

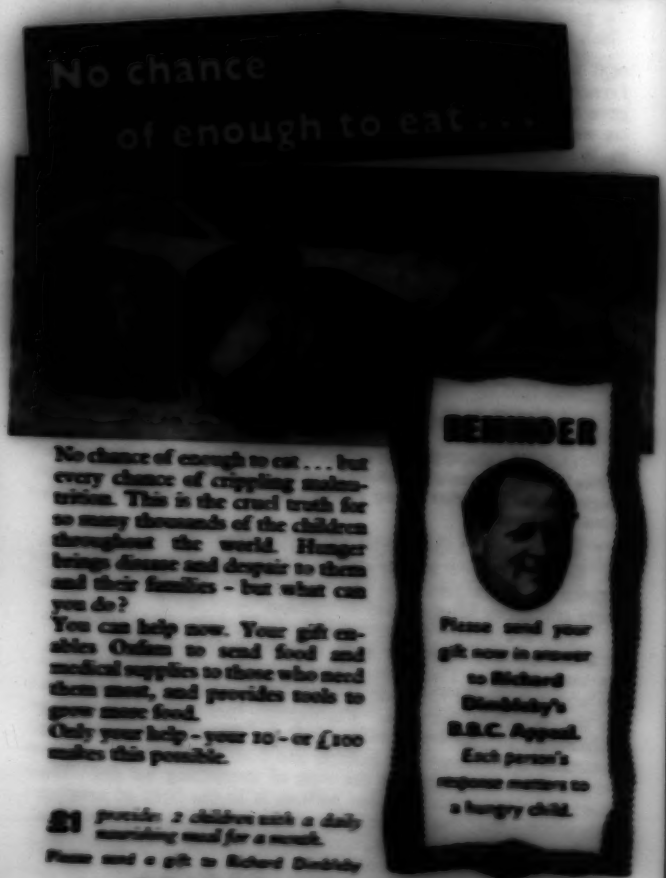
Sir: Norman Fieldhouse's experience with regard to the helpfulness of Unitarian Affirmations is probably true of the minds (dare we suggest it) of an older generation. In our movement, and outside it, there are many generations to whom the Unitarian Publicity Department's pamphlets (which supposedly speak for us all) attempt to minister. Unitarian tolerance demands we respect honest, sincere effort, but one can doubt its wisdom.

As a humanist in the Unitarian church I cannot agree with all that Bruce Findlow had to state, but his words came nearer to making me feel at home than anything I have read which our movement published recently. Obviously there can never be one statement to which all Unitarians could give assent except the most general one (for example, "What is a Unitarian" in Unitarianism—Some Questions Answered), but it seems to me very necessary that we make a realistic attempt to create one, and when we have done it we should be prepared to state quite honestly and publicly the disagreement that still exists. There is no official publication of the G.A. which as yet frankly states that there are members of Unitarian churches who are humanists, agnostics, pantheists, and whose beliefs or doubts are held in equal respect with the beliefs of more traditional Unitarians.

Buxton. Yours, Donald Dunkley.

Women's League 50th Anniversary

Cardiff: The Branch has just completed a most important and enjoyable celebration by the Women's League branch of its Jubilee. Fifty years of life and activity is a goodly stretch to remember. At least six other branches in S. E. Wales came to St. Fagans to rejoice with Cardiff and to meet the National President, Mrs. M. Whitaker, on Saturday, 24th June. A short service was held in the Penrhiw Chapel, ably led by Mrs. Whitaker. It was a glorious day in more senses than one. Then on Sunday Mrs. Whitaker, escorted by Mrs. Jones, visited two very old "faithfuls" of the League in their sick beds, Miss Holloway and Mrs. Townsend, before conducting the Jubilee Service in the church. There the President stressed the important part women can play in the whole of life under the three headings of Having, Doing and Being . . . true to the glorious faith that is ours. After service there was a cup of tea in the schoolroom. All told, this was a noteworthy occasion, which should encourage the Leaguers to go forward.



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THE CALENDAR OF THE CHURCHES

SUNDAY, JULY 16, 1961

ABERDEEN, Unitarian Church, Shiress Street, 11 and 6, Supply
ABERYSTWYTH, New Street Meeting House, 11, Rev. J. H. Cobam Davies
AINSWORTH, Unitarian Church, Ridgway Road, 11.15, Supply, 3, Rev. F. M. Ryde
ALTRINCHAM, Dunham Road Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. P. B. Godfrey
ARTLEY, Unitarian Chapel, Manchester Road, 6.30, Supply
BATH, Trim Street Chapel, Unitarian, 6.30, Rev. Sidney Spencer
BELFAST, All Souls, Elmwood Avenue, 11.30 and 7, Dr. A. L. Agnew
BELFAST, First Church, Rosemary Street, 11.30 and 7, Dr. H. J. McLachlan
BERRIS GREEN, Old Meeting House, 11, Rev. R. W. Sorensen
BILLINGHURST, Free Church, High Street, 11, Rev. John Sturges
BIRKENHEAD, Unitarian Church, Clive Road, 6.30, (July 23), Rev. Maurice Johnson
BIRMINGHAM, Church of Messiah, Broad Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. Whitaker
BIRMINGHAM, Waverley Road, Church and Hurst Street Mission, Small Heath, 6.30, Rev. Joyce Hazlehurst
BLACKPOOL, North Shore, Dickson Road, 10.45 and 6.30, Mr. E. A. West
BLACKPOOL, South Shore, Lytham Road, 11 and 6.30, Mr. Frank Lowe
BOLTON, Bank Street, 2.30, Sunday School, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. E. Sherwell Price
BOLTON, Unity Church, Deane Road, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. A. J. Long
BOLTON, Wednesday, 3, and Halliwell Road, 6.30, Rev. Kenneth Wright
BOSTON (Lincs.) Unitarian Chapel, Spain Lane, 6.30, Rev. Henry Hall
BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill Road, 11, Rev. S. P. Whitemouth
BRADFORD, Broadway Avenue, 3.15, Supply
BRADFORD, Town Hall Square, 10.45 and 6.30, Mr. Keith Hill
BRIDGWATER, Christ Church, Dampier Street, 3, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. Wm. Millar
BRIDPORT, Unitarian Chapel, 11, Vacancy
BRIGHTON, Christ Church, Unitarian, New Road, 11, Rev. J. M. Hall, 6.30, Rev. John Rowland
BRISTOL, Lewin's Mead Meeting, 6.30, Rev. A. H. Bartlett
BRISTOL, Oakfield Road, 11, Rev. A. H. Bartlett, 6.30, Mr. R. L. Nicholson
BURY, Bank Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. F. M. Ryde
CAMBRIDGE, Memorial Church, Emmanuel Road, 11 and 6, Rev. E. T. Bebbber
CARDIFF, The West Grove Unitarian Church, 6.30, Rev. T. J. Jones
CHATHAM, The Church of the Great Companions, Hammond Hill, 3, Rev. A. Peacock
CHELTENHAM, Bayshill Unitarian Church, Royal Well, 11, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. James M. Quirk
CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, Trinity Street, 11, Supply, 6.30, Rev. F. H. Shaw
CHESTERFIELD, Elder Yard Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. A. W. Vallance
CHOLMERY CHAPEL, Atherton, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. Kenneth Twiss
COVENTRY, Great Meeting House, Holyhead Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. H. Morris
CROYDON, Free Christian Church, Beech Street, 6.30, Supply
CRUMPSALL, Unitarian Church, Hermitage Street, 11 and 6.30, Mrs. M. R. Dickin
CROYDON, Unitarian and Free Christian Church, Friends Road, 11, Rev. G. Kendall
DENTON, Wilton Street Chapel, 11, Mrs. N. Ellis, 6.30, Mr. D. Hall
DERBY, Friar Gate, Unitarian Chapel, 6.30, Supply
DITCHLING, Old Meeting House, 10.45, Rev. T. L. Jones
DONCASTER, Free Church, Hall Gate, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Alec L. Fenbow
DOVER, Adrian Street, Unitarian Church, 11, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. Philip C. Whitman
DUBLIN, Strahan's Grass Watt, 11.30 and 7.30, Rev. E. Savell Hicks
DUDLEY, Old Meeting House, Wolverhampton Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. N. Kinkman
DUNFERMLINE, Old Chapel, Chapel Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Subject
DUNDEE, Unitarian Church, 53, Commercial Road, 11, Rev. G. D. Fogie
EDINBURGH, St. Mark's Church, Castle Terrace, 11, Rev. Booth Fordlow
EXETER, George's Chapel, South Street, 6.30, Rev. Dr. F. D. Maurice-Kelsoe
GEE CROSS, Hyde Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. Harry Smith
GLASGOW, St. Vincent Street, Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. Allen Kirby
GORSEY, Pitsalan Street, 2, Sunday School, 10.45, Mr. F. Hall, 6.30, Supply
GLOUCESTER, Barton Street, 3, Rev. James M. Quirk
GOSSABURY, Meadrow Chapel (Farncombe), 6.30, Rev. G. Mabel Beards
GUILDFORD Ward Street, Church, 11, Rev. G. M. Beards
HALE CHAPEL, Hale Barns, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. Glyn J. Price
HALIFAX, Northgate End, 10.45, Rev. Frank Walker
HAMPSTEAD, Free Christian Church, South Terrace, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Dunbar Heaton
HINCKLEY, Great Meeting, Baines Lane, 11 and 6, Student
HORSHAM, Worthing Road, 11, Rev. John Rowland
HUDDERSFIELD, Fitzwilliam Street, 6, Rev. Frank Walker
HULL, Unitarian Church, Park Street, 6.30, Rev. Ernest Penn (also 11, every 1st and 3rd Sunday)
HUNSLET, Unitarian Church, Joseph Street, Leeds, 6.30, Mrs. R. Gregory
KENDAL, Market Place, Unitarian Chapel, 6.30, Rev. T. E. Nuttall
KIDDERMINSTER, New Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Edgar W. Hill
KNUTSFORD, Brook Street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Stanley Murray
LANCASTER, St. Nicholas Street Church, 6.30, Supply
LEEDS, Mill Hill Chapel, City Square, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. Brian I. Gelland
LEICESTER, Newarkwright Road, 11, Junior Church, 6.30, Supply
LEICESTER, The Great Meeting, Free Bond Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. B. Dowding
LEWES, Westgate Chapel, 11, Rev. Basil Venet
LIMEHOUSE, High Street, Unitarian Chapel, 6.30, Rev. H. W. Kimmell
LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Dr. P. N. Evowell
LIVERPOOL, Renshaw Free Church, 11, Rev. C. A. Payne
LIVERPOOL, Brownlow Meadow, Mill Street, 6.30, Rev. J. Kerr Morrison
LIVERPOOL, Gateacre Chapel, 11, Mr. W. A. Hillaby
LIVERPOOL, Hamilton Road, Fourton, 3, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. C. A. Payne
LIVERPOOL, Hope Street, 6.30, Supply
LIVERPOOL, Ullet Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. Basil Short
LONDON, Bell Street, Edgware Road, 6, Rev. Walter M. Lewis
LONDON, Blackfriars Mission and Stamford Street Chapel, 6.30, Dr. Dawson Tomkins
LONDON, Brixton Hill Road, 11, Rev. E. G. Lee
LONDON, Essex Church, Palace Gardens Terrace, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Graham Short
LONDON, Forest Gate, Upton Lane, 11, Mrs. J. Williams
LONDON, Golders Green, Hoop Lane, 11, and 6.30, Rev. Maurice C. Reiter
LONDON, Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham Place, 11 (Family Service) Rev. R. E. Grainger
LONDON, Hampstead, Rosslyn Hill, 11, Rev. Dermod P. Moir
LONDON, Hibbert High Road, 11, and 6.30, Rev. T. E. Bretton
LONDON, Islington, Upper Street, 6.30, Rev. A. V. Pite
LONDON, Kilburn Unitarian Church, Quex Road, 11, Rev. A. V. Pite
LONDON, Lewisham Unitarian Church, High Street, 11, Dr. Stuart Gammon
LONDON, Mansford Free Church, Bethnal Green, 6.30, Rev. Dr. R. D. Pierce
LONDON, Richmond Free Church, Ormond Road, 11, Rev. Wilfred M. Lewis
LONDON, Strand Unitarian Church, Essex Hall (opposite Law Courts), 6.30, Dr. Preston Bradley (U.S.A.)
LONDON, Stratford, West Ham Lane, Unitarian Church, 6.30, Rev. R. H. Barnes
LONDON, Wandsworth Unitarian Church, East Hill, 11, Rev. Arthur Procter (No evening Service for Sunday in August)
LONDON, Welsh Unitarian Church at Hampstead, Rosslyn Hill, 2nd and 4th Sundays 6, Rev. T. I. Jones
LONDON, Wood Green, Unity Church, Newnham Road, 6.30, Miss L. M. Horwood
LYTHAM ST. ANNES (Ansdell) Channing Road, 11, Rev. E. W. Dearen
MACCLESFIELD, King Edward Street, 10.45 and 6.30, Mr. Peter Jones
MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Market Buildings, 6.30, Mrs. Muriel Hilton
MANCHESTER, Blackley, Unitarian Chapel, Chapel Lane, 6.30, Supply
MANCHESTER, Cross Street Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. H. Bartlett
MANCHESTER, Failsworth, Dob Lane Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. Donald Mills
MANCHESTER, Gorton, Brookfield Church, Hyde Road, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. Maurice Bowden
MANCHESTER, Monton Church, Eccles, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. W. Hill Watling
MANCHESTER, Pendleton Unitarian, Cross Lane, 6.30, Supply
MANCHESTER, Platt Chapel, Rusholme, 6.30, Mr. T. H. Davenport
MANCHESTER, Renshaw Street, Mission, 6.30, Supply
MANCHESTER, Stand Chapel, Whitefield (July 23) 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. J. Harry Smith
MANCHESTER, Wilbraham Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, 11, Supply
MANCHESTER, Wythenshawe, Unitarian Church, Brownley Road, Benchill, 6.30, Rev. John Gill
MANSFIELD, Old Meeting House, 10.45 and 6.30 Rev. Kenneth Sherratt
MARPLE, Unitarian Hall, 31, Stockport Road, 11, each Sunday
MEXBOROUGH, Free Christian Church, 6.30, Rev. Lawrence Hallworth
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, The Church of the Divine Unity, Ellison Place 11 and 6.30, Rev. John Storer
NEWCHURCH (Rossendale), Bethlehem Unitarian Church, 10.30 and 6, Rev. John Mather
NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, High Street, 6.30, Mr. Derek Sherman
NORTHAMPTON, Kettering Road, 6.30, Rev. John Edmondson
NORWICH, Octagon Chapel, Colegate, 11, Rev. J. A. Kennedy
NOTTINGHAM, High Pavement Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. Gordon Bolam
OLDBURY, Unitarian Church, Birmingham Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Harold A. Gore
OLDHAM, Lord Street Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Supply
OXFORD, Manchester College Chapel, 11.30, Rev. Dr. F. O. Holmes (U.S.A.)
PADIHAM, Nazareth Unitarian Church, Knight Hill, 10.30, Mr. J. McClelland
PARK LANE CHAPEL, nr. Wigan, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Gordon L. Clarke
PLYMOUTH, Unitarian Church, Notte Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. R. Blackburn
POOLE, Unitarian Church, Hill Street, 11, Junior Church, 6.30, Rev. J. W. Double
PORTSMOUTH, John Pound's Memorial Church, High Street, 11, Junior Church, 6.30, Rev. John R. Sturges
PRESTON, Unitarian Chapel, Church Street, 6.30, Rev. I. Hall
RINGWOOD, Hants, The Meeting House, 11, Supply
RIVINGTON CHAPEL, nr. Horwich, Lancs., 3, Rev. R. I. Pritchard
ROCHDALE, Blackwater Street, 10.30 and 6, Rev. F. W. Bass
ROTHERHAM, Church of Our Father, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. Eric Phillips
SALE, Atkinson Road, 11, Rev. John Gill
SCARBOROUGH, Unitarian Church, Westborough, 7.0, Rev. G. W. Parkinson
SHEFFIELD, Attercliffe, 6.30, Rev. P. Baker Morris
SHEFFIELD, Fulwood Old Chapel, 11, Rev. P. Baker Morris
SHEFFIELD, Unity Church, Crookesmoor Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. R. I. Pritchard,
SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. Stanley Whitby
SHREWSBURY, High Street, Unitarian, 11, Rev. H. L. Short
SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, Unitarian, High Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Gordon L. Stuart
SOUTHAMPTON, Church of the Saviour, London Road, 11, Mr. John Chilton
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, Darnley Road, 6.30, Mr. R. H. Corbick
SOUTHPORT, Portland Street Church, 11, Dr. S. J. Kennett, 6.30, Mr. N. Charlton and Mr. C. H. Shaw
STOCKPORT, Unitarian Church, St. Peter's Gate, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. R. G. Kimball
ST. HELENS, Corporation Street, 6.30, Supply
STOCKTON-ON-TEES, Wellington Street, 6.30, Rev. A. D. Williams (also 11, Second Sunday in the month)
STOURBRIDGE, Presbyterian Unitarian Chapel, 11, Rev. C. Simpson
SWANSEA, Pennard Free Christian Meeting House, 11, Rev. L. Baker Short
SWANSEA, Unitarian Church, High Street, 6.30, Rev. L. Baker Short (also 11, First Sunday in the month)
SWINDON, Swindon Hall Road, 6.30, Lay Preacher
TAUNTON, Mary St. Chapel, 11, Rev. Wm. Millar
TENTERDEN, Old Meeting House, Ashford Road, 6.30, Rev. E. D. Davies
TUNBRIDGE Unitarian Church, 6, Mr. P. Whitehead
TURGLEY, Unity Church off The Terrace, 11, Rev. Charles Earson
TUNBRIDGE, Congre Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. Sidney Spencer
WALLASEY, Memorial Church, Manor Road, 11, Rev. F. H. Shaw, 6.30, Supply
WALSALL, Unitarian Free Church, Stafford Street, 11, Rev. R. J. Wellington, 2.30 Sunday School (service, 6.30, last Sunday in month)
WARRINGTON, Cairo Street, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. Eric Weld
WARWICK, Unitarian Chapel, High Street, 7, Rev. H. Maguire
WATFORD, Friends' House, Church Road (by permission), 7.30 (last Sunday in the month)
WEST BROMWICH, Lodge Road, 10.45, Children's Church, 6.30 Rev. R. J. Wellington
WEST KIRBY, Brookfield Gardens, 11, Rev. Maurice Jourdain (also 6.30, First Sunday in the month)
WESTON, Flowergate, 2.30, Rev. G. W. Parkinson
WEYBRIDGE, Duke Row, 10.45, Rev. Stanley R. Butler, Supl. 6.40, Rev. Stanley R. Butler
YORK, St. Saviourgate Chapel, 6.30, Dr. J. J. Kipling

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AUSTRALIA

ADELAIDE, Unitarian Christian Church, Wakefield St., 11 and 7, Rev. Colin Gasson
MELBOURNE, Unitarian Church, Cathedral Place, C.2; Unitarian Half-Hour broadcast, 4.15. Services: 4 p.m. second Sunday in each month, Evening 7 p.m. Rev. W. Jones
PERTH, Western Australia, Unitarian Free Christian Fellowship, Rev. R. H. Fitzgerald, 132 Duke Street, Scarborough, West Australia.
SYDNEY COMMUNITY CHURCH, Austin Road, Seaford (Vic.), S.S. weekly at 10 a.m. Public Worship, fortnightly, 2.30 p.m. Minister: Supply
SYDNEY, New South Wales, Unitarian Church, 19 Francis Street (off College St.) 7.15, Supply, Manse Telephone LX 5329
UNITARIAN FELLOWSHIP OF AUSTRALIA, 1 Grice Alley, Melbourne, C.1. Minister Supply. Meetings as advertised.

CANADA

MONTREAL, Church of the Messiah, Sherbrooke Street West and Simpson Street 11, Rev. Lawrence Moore
TORONTO, First Unitarian Church, 175 St. Clair Avenue West, 11, Rev. James H. Gibson
VANCOUVER, B.C., Unitarian Church of Vancouver, 1550 Tenth Avenue West 9.30 and 11, Rev. A. P. Hewett

NEW ZEALAND

AUCKLAND, Unitarian Church, Ponsonby Road, 10.30, Children's Programme, 7 Mr. M. J. Wade
WELLINGTON, Service suspended—Enquiries—Miss Watts, Tel. 46-272

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Memorial Service to H. G. Woodford

In view of the circumstances which prevented more than a few members and friends from Glossop from attending the Cremation Service conducted by the Rev. Peter Jones, minister of King Edward Street Chapel, Macclesfield, on May 18th, it was agreed to hold a special evening Memorial Service on May 28th, so that proper tribute could be made by a congregation which had been led by a minister such as Hubert G. Woodford for over 25 years. Many friends attended, including some personal friends of Mr. Woodford's from Macclesfield. Some of his favourite hymns were sung, and an anthem "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace", of which Mr. Woodford was particularly fond, was sung by the choir. The present minister, the Rev. W. H. Cordell, stressed the various facets and interests of Mr. Woodford's work and influence all the years he served at Fitzalan Street. He was a very eloquent preacher with sermons full of thought and power.

Mr. Woodford, who had lived in retirement in Macclesfield for some years, was taken unexpectedly ill last summer, had a major operation, but, in spite of convalescence, he never really recovered and he passed away in Macclesfield Hospital on May 16th.

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ESSEX HALL, LONDON, W.C.2.
Special visit of
The Rev. Dr. PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D.
The distinguished American Preacher
On Sunday, July 16th at 6.30 p.m.

Death

Jones: On July 3rd, 1961, at the home of her nephew, Dr. Aubrey Hudson, The Mayals, Swansea, E. J. Olwen Jones, aged 76 years, the youngest daughter of the late Rev. Rees Jenkin Jones of Aberdare.

W. Vaughan Lewis

At the time of his tragic death in a motor accident in North America, Vaughan Lewis was the President of the Unitarian church in Cambridge, a Fellow of Trinity College, a University Lecturer in the Department of Geography, and President-elect of the Institute of British Geographers. His work in physical geography, especially in glaciology, had brought him international recognition. Even the briefest list of his achievements bears eloquent testimony to the breadth of his work and the extent of his success.

Those who knew him well, however, will remember him less for the range of his accomplishment, though this was remarkable, than for the quality of his personality which made his company a pleasure and a source of inspiration to many men and women both within church and academic circles. He had great charm of manner and a deep interest in people, a combination which brought him friends wherever he went, making it easy for him to enter into the interests and worries of others and to bring his courage and experience to their aid. In consequence he was a well known and very welcome figure in many circles. He put his great qualities unstintingly at the service of the Cambridge church and the Unitarian denomination and of the very many undergraduates and research students whose faculties he helped to develop and whose enthusiasm he was quick to arouse and firm in sustaining. Few university teachers are as warmly remembered as is he. His own enthusiasm and his ability to generate enthusiasm in others were his great gifts and these he used with a splendid generosity.

Vaughan Lewis' death is a great loss both to the church and the university, but though the sense of this loss will be felt deeply, widely and long, the memory of his happy nature, firm spirit and fine purposes will outlast it. T. W.

Printed by SOUTH ESSEX BOOKBINDING Ltd., High Road, Ilford, and Published by THE INQUIRER PUBLISHING Co., Ltd., at the Temporary Office, 14, Gordon Square, W.C.1.—Manchester Wholesale: JOHN HEYWOOD, Deansgate, Saturday, July 15, 1961.